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FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.



Grantham, Lincolnshire.



Abingdon, Berkshire.



Evesham, Worcestershire.

THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT GRANTHAM,
Lincolnshire,

Was founded in 1528, by Richard Fox,* Bishop of Winchester, who endowed it with the revenues of two chantries, which, prior to the dissolution, belonged to the church of St. Peter, the endowment having been subsequently augmented by Edward VI.: the annual income exceeds £700, the surplus of which, after payment of the salaries to the masters, is appropriated to the establishment of exhibitions to Oxford and Cambridge, to which all scholars who have been two years in the school are eligible. Sir Isaac Newton, (who was born on Christmas-day, O. S. 1642, at the manor-house of Woolstropes or Woolsthorpe, about eight miles from Grantham,) received the rudiments of his education in this school.

THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT ABINGDON,
Berkshire,

Was founded by John Royse, citizen of London, in 1563, and endowed with a house and premises in Birchin-lane, London. The master, in addition to his salary, receives one guinea per quarter for each pupil instructed in writing and arithmetic, and is allowed to receive ten private pupils. William Bennet, in 1608, bequeathed lands which now produce £100 per annum, for instructing, clothing, and apprenticing six boys on this foundation. Thomas Teasdale, formerly a scholar here, bequeathed the glebe and tythes of the rectory of Ratley in Warwickshire, for the maintenance of an usher, whose duties are confined to the classical instruction of Bennet's six boys. The school is entitled to four fellowships and six scholarships of Pembroke College, Oxford, under the respective endowments of Thomas Teasdale and Richard Wightwick. Bennet's scholars have the preference, and in default of applications from free boys, the master's private pupils are eligible. Many eminent characters have been educated in this school. Among them are: Clement Barksdale;† Job Roys, a Presbyterian writer; and Sir Edward

* This eminent prelate was born at Ropesley, near Grantham, about the latter end of the reign of Henry VI. He was promoted to the see of Exeter in 1487; translated successively to the sees of Bath and Wells, Winchester and Durham, and died in 1533, after having employed the greater part of his public life in the service of Henry VII., by whom he was sent on almost every mission of any importance into France, Germany, and Scotland.

† A native of Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, and born in 1609. He graduated at Oxford, and succeeded to the head-mastership of Hereford grammar-school; and died rector of Naunton, 1687-8. His works are, a "Life of Hugo Grotius," in 12mo. "Memorials of Worthy Persons," 12mo., 1661; "Nympha Libanthis, or the Cotswold Muse," 12mo., 1651; and "Monumenta Literaria, sive obitus et elogia doctorum virorum," 4to., 1640.

Turnour, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons in Ireland, in 1661; and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1671.

THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AT EVESHAM,
Worcestershire,

Was endowed originally by abbot Lichfield; Henry VIII., after the dissolution of the abbey at Evesham, for Benedictine monks, refounded this school, restoring only a part of its previous revenue. The charter which James I. granted to the inhabitants, remodelled the institution, when it was called the Free-School of Prince Henry. The master receives £10 annually from the crown, with a house, rent-free, and some minor emoluments.

THE VARIETY OF THE PASSIONS.

An elegant writer remarks, "The variety of the passions is great and worthy; and every branch of that variety is worthy of the most diligent investigation. The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we every where find of his wisdom who made it. If a discourse upon the use of the different parts of the body may be considered as a hymn to the Creator, the use of the passions, which are the organs of the mind, cannot be barren of praise to him, nor unproductive to ourselves of that noble and uncommon union of science and admiration, which a contemplation of the works of infinite wisdom alone can afford to a rational mind; while referring to him whatever we find of right, or good, or fair in ourselves, discovering his strength and wisdom, even in our own weakness and imperfection, honouring them where we discover them clearly, and adoring their profundity where we are lost in our search. We may be inquisitive without impertinence, and elevated without pride; we may be admitted, if I may dare to say so, into the counsels of the Almighty, by a consideration of his works. This elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies, which if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us."

† The last English abbot but one. The handsome isolated tower of the convent at Evesham, was erected by abbot Lichfield; it is a beautiful specimen of the later English style, and is one hundred and ten feet high, and about twenty-eight square at the base; the north side is plain, the other three sides adorned with tracery; strengthened with pannelled buttresses, and crowned with open battlements and pinnacles. At the general demolition, it was purchased by the inhabitants. It is unknown when abbot Lichfield died; but he was buried in the convent here. His tomb was opened in 1817, but without furnishing any corroborative proofs of supplying the means of enlarging the little information we have of this public-spirited abbot.

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(For the Mirror.)

SEEK me not in renowned halls,
Nor at the gay and festive board;
But meet me ere the pale moon falls,
In twilight shades, the trees afford.
Seek me not in the boistering crowd,
But singly—find me out alone;
Nor mixed with gallants or the proud,
But where the birds their young ones moan.
Seek me not out where beauty dwells,
Nor where the gay and thoughtless smile;
But seek me where the blue stream swells,
At night—when all is hushed awhile.
Oh seek me not in garden bowers,
Where wanton beauty idly talks;
But meet me where the cypress flowers,
Or by the yew's sad shady walks.
But if you seek me let it be,
When none are by my vows to hear;
Then seek me near the dark blue sea,
And there "for me let fall a tear."
Or seek me when the day is past,
When winds stir not a single breath;
But if you find me not at last,
Believe me gone, and lost in death.

H. B. S.

ON MAN'S MORTALITY.

"LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies.
"Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!"

Attributed to Quarles.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GEOMETRY.

A GEOMETRIST is a man who labours according to rule. He is always with a plummet and rule in his hands; he measures, he calculates, he draws lines, he acquires the habit of doing all things by rule; he looks upon nothing as clear that he has not calculated; and in as far as possible, proceeds with the same exactness in all other sciences. Geometry accustoms the mind to a regular process, to an exact calculation; and geometrical truths are always evident, as there is no rule without a clear proof. It is, therefore, highly proper for all young persons to endeavour to acquire a geometrical understanding, to make the best use of that natural geometry which God has implanted in the minds of all men, even to act upon certain and undoubted principles.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

A GREAT quantity of air, when looked through, has a coloured tinge; although a small quantity appears to be colourless; just as, in a pane of window-glass, we see no colour, unless we look at it edgewise; when, from the great thickness seen through, it has a blue tinge. Hence "the sky" (meaning the atmosphere) is said to be blue. The atmosphere, in its elevated regions, is much more transparent than near the earth; on which account, when we ascend mountains, distant objects seem to be very near.

It is of great importance to know precisely the constitution of the atmosphere; in order that subsequent observers may ascertain whether it degenerates in the lapse of ages. It consists principally of two gases,—oxygen and nitrogen; in the proportion of about twenty parts of the former, to eighty of the latter. It also contains carbonic acid (or "fixed-air," as it is called), and water, in the form of vapour. The quantity of the latter varies, at different times and places;—being greatest in hot countries at hot seasons, and least in cold countries at cold seasons. It was once thought that the presence of the carbonic acid (which forms only about a thousandth part of the whole) was accidental; but it is found in the air taken from the greatest heights to which men have attained; as in some which was brought by M. Gay Lussac, from the greatest height which he attained in his balloon, which height was more than four miles. The air which is over a wet soil, contains less carbonic acid than air which is over a dry one; and contains more at night, when plants give it out, than during the day. Although carbonic acid is much heavier than the other gases which compose the atmosphere, yet rather more of it is found in the upper regions of the latter, than in the lower. This may be owing to much of it being absorbed by damp soil; for water has a great avidity for it. In some districts of the globe, the air is highly impregnated with it; owing, probably, to subterranean fires being at work there. If, when thus given out, it is confined in a cave, instead of being dispersed through the atmosphere generally, it is fatal to animals which enter. This is the case with a cave near Naples, called the *Grotto del Cano*, or "Grotto of the Dog"; because if this animal (or any other of a similar height) enters, it is suffocated. It is customary for guides to thrust into it fowls, tied to the end of a stick. They are soon stupified; and unless drawn out, would perish. A man may enter with impunity; because the foul air does not reach so high as his head. A traveller in India has lately given a graphic description of a valley, filled with similar deadly exhalations; in which he saw a great number of skeletons of

birds, tigers, and other animals, which had perished from breathing the poisonous air; and even of men, who had unwittingly taken refuge within its fatal precincts.

There are various accidental substances, which are found in the atmosphere, in different situations. One of these is carburetted hydrogen, which constitutes the "fire-damp" of coal-mines, and is similar to the gas which is burned in our streets. It has been found, in great quantity near volcanoes, and over fissures in the earth, and often in the neighbourhood of marshes in hot weather. The boiling appearance which some lakes present, is probably owing to this gas being formed at the bottom, and rising through the water in bubbles. Pure hydrogen is sometimes found in the atmosphere. Then there are various *miasmata* (as they are called); which exist in the air, in particular regions, and at particular times; though they cannot be detected by any chemical means we have yet been able to employ. One of the principal of these, is *marsh-miasma*; consisting of the exhalations from marshes, and producing agues. We know nothing of its chemical nature; for air taken from over the foulest marshes, has not been found to differ chemically (so far as science at present enables us to ascertain) from air taken from the most healthy regions. It is this *miasma* which renders the fens of Lincolnshire so unhealthy, and which reigns, on a still greater scale, over the Pontine marshes near Rome; so that to sleep a night in them, is at the imminent risk of being attacked by ague. In the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, during the last war, our army lost ten thousand men, in a few months, from sickness chiefly induced by this cause. This pestilential exhalation never ascends above a particular level over the district in which it is generated. Among these *miasmata*, should be reckoned those which produce various epidemic diseases;—such as measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, fevers of various kinds, and those awfully frightful visitations,—the plague and cholera. Notwithstanding, however, the high state of advancement (we had almost said *perfection*) to which chemical analysis has been brought, and by which the ten thousandth part of a grain of many substances can be ascertained, it has not been able to detect any difference in air impregnated with these various forms of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and "the destruction that wasteth at noon day."

It has been a question whether the oxygen and nitrogen gases which compose the atmosphere, are simply mixed, or are chemically combined. We consider the former to be the true state of the case. It might, indeed, have been expected that, if they were only mixed, the oxygen (being the heavier) would collect in the lower part of the atmosphere.

But gases have a natural tendency to mix with each other, however they may differ in weight. Thus, if oxygen and nitrogen be put into a tube together, and confined for years, no separation takes place. Nay, if oxygen be put into the lower part of the tube, and nitrogen into the upper, they become intimately mixed in a few hours. The air, too, has all the properties which should belong to a mere mixture of the two gases which compose it. No change of volume, form, or temperature is occasioned by the mixture; though we should expect some change in one or other of these particulars, if any chemical combination took place. Bodies, likewise, which have an affinity for oxygen, abstract it from atmospheric air, as easily as if there were no nitrogen present. This is the case even with water; for the air which is expelled from rain-water by boiling, has more than the usual proportion of oxygen; which the rain must have imbibed in its passage through the atmosphere.

In order to show the tendency which gases have to mix with each other, Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, put carbonic acid (a very heavy gas) into a vessel and over it, connected by a narrow tube, a vessel containing hydrogen (the lightest gas known); and after a few hours, the two gases were found to be intermixed; although the one is more than twenty times heavier than the other. This mixture is not to be attributed to any chemical affinity between them; for carbonic acid and hydrogen cannot be made to combine with each other. Dalton says that the particles of the same gas repel, while those of different gases attract each other; so that one gas acts as a vacuum to another; only that, from the mechanical obstacle which the particles of one gas present to those of the other, the gas from one vessel does not pervade the other vessel so quickly as it would if there were a real vacuum.

It has often been asked why the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere always remains the same, notwithstanding the constant demands which are made upon it, by the respiration of animals, the burning of fires, &c. It has been supposed to be kept up by the respiration of plants; which are said to give out more oxygen than they consume. But the quantity furnished in this way, is not sufficient to account for the whole; and a satisfactory explanation has not yet been given.

N. R.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

IN December, 1765, an Echevin* of Newbourg, about 60 years of age, being at table, and without having felt any previous headache, or pain in any part of his body, began, for the first time, to talk without any con-

* Alderman.

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nexion. His wife, perceiving that he continued to speak in an unconnected manner, sent for the assistance of Dr. G. Legerus, from whose account the following particulars are extracted:—Having well examined the patient, I judged that his condition was occasioned by a loss of memory; for, so soon as he began a phrase, he remained for an instant thoughtful, and then began another, which he did not finish any more than the first; and sometimes he complained that he did not know what answer to give to the questions put to him. Having asked him if he had a head-ache, or felt pain in any part of his body, he answered that he did not; after which he continued to talk for some days in the same manner. His situation was without any alteration during a fortnight, at the expiration of which, he was seized with a fit of the gout, a disease that was habitual to him. In about another fortnight he recovered his memory so as to be able to converse on different subjects; and nothing remained of his indisposition except a total forgetfulness of characters; which continued for about six weeks, when he found himself perfectly recovered, and able to read with as much facility as before.

W. G. C.

PROVERBS.

(For the Mirror.)

PROVERBS are said to be the condensed wisdom of ages: the wise sayings of our own country are probably more in number, and at least equal in terseness and point to those of any other nation. Ray's collection is the largest, but he has left several unexplained, and given in many instances wrong elucidations. The lapse of time has undoubtedly rendered some of them totally inexplicable, particularly the local ones alluding to customs long obsolete, or persons now forgotten; but those of a more general application from the use of words which have long ceased to form part of our English vocabulary, require now the aid of a glossary. The following have been wholly unexplained both by Ray and the *Gnomologia* of Fuller.

"Two slips for a tester."

A slip was formerly a cant word for a counterfeit piece of the current coin, it was commonly made of brass, and silvered over; *tester* is not yet obsolete for *sixpence*. Shakespeare alludes to the *slip* in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?"

"Mer. The slip, sir, the slip!"

The obvious meaning of this adage is, that quantity should not be preferred to quality.

"What is gotten over the devil's back is spent under his belly."

This proverb is derived from the Welsh, "A

gasglar ar farch *Malen* dan ei dorr ydd a." *Malen*, according to the legendary tales of the ancient Britons, signified an evil spirit, or devil, who was supposed to be in possession of a magic horse, on which witches were carried to any place for evil purposes; hence the origin of the proverb, indicating that what is got dishonestly is generally spent in riot and extravagance.

"Essex stiles, Kentish miles, Norfolk wiles, many men beguiles."

What reason our ancestors had for complaining of the Essex stiles, or the extraordinary length of Kentish miles, is now a vain conjecture, but the Norfolk wiles can be better understood. The Norfolk men were said to be notoriously given to legal litigation; this is manifested by the statute, 33 Henry VI., which limits the number of attorneys allowed to exercise their profession in that county.

"A man's a man, though he hath but a hose on his head."

Caps made of woollen were anciently worn in England by the lower classes, long after the introduction of hats, which were chiefly worn by the nobility, and other men of rank. Breeches were formerly called *hose*, from the Saxon *hosa*, and were generally made of woollen. I consider the term was applied to the cap, or covering for the head, because made of that material, the covering for the leg is now called *hose*, and that article in the great manufacturing counties of Leicester and Nottingham, is still distinguished by that name, viz., *Jersey hose*, which are made of wool, but those made of cotton are usually called stockings.

"He is in his better blue clothes."

Blue was of old the prevailing colour of the clothes of servants in livery, and the retainers of great men; the city of Coventry was at one time famous for its blue dye, and hence, perhaps, the universality of the colour; the custom of wearing blue is retained to this day in the almost general costume of charity children, and the jackets of watermen. Pliny states that blue was the colour in which the Gauls clothed their slaves, and the bedesman, a privileged beggar, wore a blue gown; but probably the custom in England derived its origin from the facility of getting the article of home manufacture, and as far as regarded the colour, not to be obtained elsewhere. Coventry blue was for centuries distinguished for its beauty and durability. The proverb alludes to a person dressed extraordinarily fine, and beyond his grade in society.

"The black ox never trod on his foot."

This proverb is said to be founded on an historical fact: it is applied to a person to whom misfortune has never happened; the ancient Britons had a custom of ploughing their land in partnership, each person finding

one draught ox; if either of the oxen died, or became disabled during the process of ploughing, the owner of the land (if not his own beast) was compelled to find another animal of equal value, or at his option to give an acre of land to the owner of the dead or disabled animal; this acre was called "*crw yr uch ddu*," i. e. "the acre of the black ox," and many acres in Wales are at this day known by that title; without this explanation the words convey no conceivable meaning.

WM. TOONE.

ORIGIN OF NAPOLEON'S GENERALS.

THE age of Napoleon was an age of wonders; only witness the following account of the origin of his most celebrated generals. We see *Augereau*, the hot, the sanguine Augereau, the son of a poor fruiterer, struggling for his livelihood; we see him urging on his course, and at the age of thirty-five, still a private soldier, not despairing of success; we see him at last, in four years, rise from the lowest rank to the highest grade of military command, and created a duke. Then comes *Bernadotte*, who was destined to be one of the greatest, and by far the most fortunate of Napoleon's lieutenants; he was born at Pan, the capital of Berne, January 26th, 1764. In his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a private soldier into the Royal Marines. In 1792, he was a colonel. In 1806 he was created Prince of Ponte Corvo, and lastly, was elected King of Sweden. Then follows *Berthier*, the son of a porter of the Hotel de la Querre, who for his signal services was created Marshal of the Empire, Grand Huntsman, and Prince, first of the Neufchatel, then of Wagram. The next in succession is *Bessieres*, born at Freissar, August 6th, 1768. He was a private soldier in 1792. In the north of Spain, through his exemplary conduct, he rose to the station of captain in 1796; was created Marshal in 1809, and afterwards Duke of Istria. *Kellermann*, the son of a citizen of Strasburg, next follows; he rose from the rank of a private soldier to that of Duke of Valmy. The impetuous and valiant *Lannes* now excites our admiration and wonder; born at Lectoux, April 11th, 1769, of indigent parents. He at an early age enlisted into the army. He was sent ambassador into Portugal, and on his return became Marshal of France, and ere long Duke of Montebello. *Macdonald*, whom we shall next cite, was born in the little town of Sancerre, November 17th, 1765. At an early age he entered into the army as lieutenant; he was created marshal, and after Duke of Tarentum. *Lefebvre* was born of humble parents, on the 25th of October, 1755. We see him, in September 1793 raised to the rank of captain; in December, the same year, to the rank of general,

and lastly to the dukedom of Dantzig. *Massena*, one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals, was born at Nies, May 6th, 1758. At an early age, he was, by a relative, introduced to a maritime life, but soon becoming disgusted with the sea, he subsequently entered the army as a private soldier. His promotion at first was not at all rapid; and having lost all hopes, retired to his own nation, and married. The stirring affairs of the revolution called his attention once more to a soldier's life; his promotion was now astonishingly rapid, for in 1793 he became general, soon after, Duke of Rivoli; and to close his career, was created Prince of Kassling. *Moncey* was born at Besançon, July 31st, 1754. The education he received was good, as his father was a lawyer. He enlisted as a private soldier, of his own accord; his parents, however, obtained his discharge. But at last, in 1790, when at the age of forty-six, he became a sub-lieutenant of the dragons, and in 1804 was created Duke of Conegliano. *Mortier* was born at Cambrai, 1768. In the year 1791 he was captain, and lastly, received the title of Duke of Steriao. The great *Murat* next engages our attention; he was born March 25th, 1767, of humble parents, his father being only an inn-keeper, of Bastille, near Cahors. When he was in his twentieth year he enlisted into a regiment of chasseurs, and shortly after, for his gallantry and bravery, was made general of division; in 1805 created Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves; and in 1808 had the crown of Naples conferred on him. The end of this extraordinary man, whose life must have appeared to him a dream, was, as is well known, tragical; he was shot, and himself gave the word to the soldiers to fire, saying, "Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!" The errors of Murat may be ascribed to a bad education; he wanted moral energy, reflection, and patience.

Ney, the "bravest of the brave," was born at Sarre Louis, January 10th, 1769. His father was a poor tradesman. In 1787 he filled the inferior station of private soldier, and in 1793 was lieutenant. The year following he was brought under the notice of General Kleber, and in 1796 received the title of general himself. He was also created Prince of Moskwa. A miserable and untimely end, however, awaited this prodigy of military genius; like Murat, he was shot, and when at the place of execution, in a firm voice, gave the word, saying, "Soldiers, fire!" His father died in 1826, aged nearly 100 years. His love for his son was so great, that at his death, in 1815, his family fearing the effect which the sad event might produce on him, kept it a secret amongst themselves. By the mourning of his daughter, however, he understood that some tragical event had taken place; but he never could

any inquiries, and seldom pronounced the name of his son. He lived till 1826, and expired without ever being acquainted with his son's death. *Oudinot* now claims our notice; he was born April 2nd, 1767, and distinguished himself so much as a private soldier, that he was created Count of the Empire in 1804, and for his brave valour at Wagram, Duke of Reggio. So, this daring and enterprising soldier, was born March 29th, 1769, at St. Antan's. His origin was mean. In his sixteenth year he entered the army as a private soldier, and rose gradually from rank to rank, till the year 1794, when he was made general; he was afterwards honoured with the title of Duke of Dalmatin. *Sacchet*, who was the son a silk manufacturer of Lyons, was born March 2nd, 1772. In 1792 he enlisted as a private soldier; his promotion was rapid, though not perhaps so much so as some others. In 1798 he gained the rank of general; and in 1812 the title of Duke of Albufera. These are the principal and most celebrated of Napoleon's lieutenants, nearly all of whom rose from the rank of private soldiers, to the possession of the sword of a general, the staff of a marshal, and even the sceptre of a king.

M. D. M.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

A Masked Ball.

"*Le vin! le vin! le vin, le jeu, les belles!*
Voilà! voilà! voilà nos seuls amours!"

SUCH was the joyous refrain to the opening chorus of the magnificent *Robert Le Diable*, which we were lustily singing to the great amazement of all the quiet coffee-drinking members of the Legion of Honour, as we entered the glittering *Brasserie Anglaise* in the Palais Royal, on the evening of the first masked ball of the season at the Theatre de l'Opera Comique. We were *en costume*, and anywhere but in Paris the circumstance of three masks entering a public coffee-room would have attracted a crowd of gazers after them, "but they manage these things better in France." Imagine the sensation we should have caused at Evans's, in Covent Garden, under similar circumstances. Sloman's improvisatorial sketches would have been suspended—the glee-singers would have forgotten how, when, or where "Willie brew'd a peck of malt."—Herr Von Joel would have stopped his "Lur-lye-ty" in dumb amazement, and Evans himself would have hindered the return of the admiral, and probably requested the gentlemen to leave the room. But we marched in here without the least disarrangement of the parties assembled. The only ones who stared at us

were the English, and those we didn't care about.

The ball in question was under the direction of M. Magnus, the chief of the orchestra at the Prado; and as the Prado is the grand winter resort of all the dancing students of Paris, and moreover, as Magnus is very popular in that rational and well-conducted circle, we were aware we should meet many of our friends, and be certain of good arrangements for the evening. Accordingly, two days before we sought out a *Magazin des Costumes*, near Galignani's, in the Rue Vivienne; and having, with our friends, stipulated for the loan of such habits as became a Postillion, a Lancer, and a *Debardeur*, (characters much in vogue at the masked balls of Paris,) by a payment of eight francs each, and a deposit of a sum equivalent to the value of the dresses, we had them sent home to us on the morning of the day, and amused ourselves until evening by looking at them, and disputing which was the handsomest. As the Opera Comique does not finish its performances until eleven o'clock, and after that the pit had to be boarded over level with the stage, as they do for the *manquerdes* at our London theatres, the doors did not open for the ball until twelve; it was, in fact, as stated in the bill, a "*bal de nuit*." In our anxiety, however, to behold ourselves in our new costumes, we were all dressed, and perfectly ready by nine; and when we had skipped about the room a little, to try our pumps, and thrown ourselves in melodramatic attitudes, and looked at ourselves in the glass, over one another's shoulders, until we knew every stud and buckle in the dress, we began naturally to think what we could do with ourselves until midnight. "Let us go and sup at a café in the Palais Royal," said one of our friends, inspired by a sudden happy thought. "We shall get refreshments cheaper there than in the theatre, and certainly much better;" and acting on the impulse, a *fiacre* was called, we jumped in, and in a quarter of an hour were established at the *Brasserie Anglaise*, in the divan, on the "troisième." It is a nice and comfortable place, that elegant café, which they have been pleased to think resembles an English brewery. The waiters are civil, the accommodations first rate, the beer passable for France, the coffee delicious, and moreover, they take in the Morning Post. Well, then, here we remained until twelve o'clock, and as soon as that hour had sounded, we started off to the doors of the handsome theatre of the Place de la Bourse. We shall never forget our first start at entering the *salle*—it was only exceeded by our feelings the first time we went to Vauxhall, where we have an imperfect remembrance of having got slightly elevated, and dancing with one of the red-coated waiters in front of the supper-box.

We still think it must have been the profusion of lamps that upset our stomach—our friends said it was the "rack punch."

The whole area of the theatre was covered with the most animated medley of costumes possible to conceive. We were not overrun by Greeks, field-officers, and Swiss peasants, as in London; but the gayest and most picturesque dresses were everywhere to be seen. It was the ball scene in Gustavus realized. Twelve splendid chandeliers depended from the ceiling, and at the end of the stage was Magnus, in all the glory of a leader, with a white waistcoat on, surrounded by nearly eighty musicians, who were playing the quadrilles, as if their life and soul was in them, as well as the dancers. Crowds of other masks were likewise in the boxes as mere spectators of the scene, but there was quite enough to attract our attention below, without seeking amusement up stairs. The order of dancing was a waltz and galloppe alternately, after every two quadrilles; but the galloppe was the fun. Oh! what a stirring chase it was. Down the declivity of the stage, as hard as we could tear, to the boarded pit, and then whirling wildly round underneath the boxes, and up again to the back of the theatre. It was indeed a *galloppe d'enfer*, as our partner observed, and to Clapisson's inspiring "*Postillon de Ma'm Ablou*," we thought everybody would have gone mad. Not only was the air of that favourite song introduced, but we had the accompaniments of the crack of the postillion's whip, and the jangling of the diligence bells. We must have them in London for our approaching season, for they are a delicious set. Then came the galloppe from "*Le Domino Noir*;" then the galloppe from "*La fille du Danube*," and a dozen others equally spirited, and waltzes by Labitsky, Strauss, and Julian, without end. The quadrilles were mostly too crowded, but all made way for the other dancers.

As the refreshments in the *foyer* of the theatre were enormously dear, at least for Paris, we fed at the Café de l'Opera Comique, next door to the theatre, and opposite the Bourse. It was open all night long, as may be supposed, and an occasional bottle of "*limonade gayeruse*" was very refreshing, especially when half choked with dust.

In the *salle*, as usual, the municipal guard and *gens d'armes* were in attendance, and more than one unfortunate wight was condemned to the solitude of the *cachot* below the box staircase for the rest of the evening, for transgressing the known and established rules of the ball-room. As the females alone covered their faces, we recognized, as we had anticipated, many fellow students amidst the throng with whom we were acquainted, and were at no lack for introductions to partners; indeed we completely danced a pair of patent prettily polished pumps to pieces—we like alliteration.

We think it is not often that the English attend these balls as dancers, although many of our countrymen were in the boxes as spectators, for we heard "*Tiens! c'est un Anglais*" in a tone of surprise often repeated behind us. Be this as it may, if they do not go to these balls when in Paris, and enter into the spirit of them, as our foreign brethren do, they lose a great deal of amusement.

The worst part of the story was turning out at six in the morning to come home. The half-deserted streets look cold, dark, and cheerless, and we were not sorry to tumble into bed, where we had a most confused dream of chandeliers, music, *paysannes*, municipal guards, and fairy-like forms sitting before us, with brigands' hats, and postillions' boots.

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KNIPS.

A POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELLS.

(For the Mirror.)

[Continued from page 108.]

Those husbandmen who have possessed some knowledge of natural history, have not only been better enabled to cultivate their plants, and protect them from the attacks of destructive animals, but they have learnt thereby to know what creatures are harmless and useful, and ought to be protected and encouraged, either for the pleasing sight and sounds they afford, or the good that they do. But many, yet ignorantly supposing that all wild animals that presume to peck about their grounds must be foes, destroy even those which on closer observation will be found to be harmless, or, perhaps, useful. Thus the very creatures that come to relieve them from those which are really injurious, are wilfully and remorselessly killed, notwithstanding their innocence and utility. Rooks, for example, are killed by many persons. It is certainly true that, in harvest and seed-time, rooks do some mischief, but it is a very little in comparison to the great good they do in spring, when their food, and apparently their *only* food, is the grubs of insects, chiefly those of the cockchafer, (*melolontha vulgaris*.) and of other destructive species, to procure which they are so eager, that they will even follow the plough; and, moreover, it is well known to practical entomologists that the neighbourhood of a rookery is not the place where many, if any, insects are to be found. Some years ago, the proprietors of some extensive farms in Devonshire paid large sums of money to those who destroyed the rooks; but what was the consequence? During the three following years, destructive insects multiplied to a greater extent than ever, and caused the failure of almost the whole of the crops;—a circumstance which made the farmers so sen-

sible of their ignorance and folly, that they actually introduced a supply of rooks on to their estates again. Benjamin Franklin says, in a letter to Peter Collinson, that "whenever we attempt to interfere with the [natural] government of the world, we had better be very circumspect, lest we do more harm than good. In New England they once thought blackbirds useless and mischievous to the corn. They made efforts to destroy them. The consequence was, the blackbirds were diminished; but a kind of worm which devoured their grass, and which the blackbirds used to feed on, increased prodigiously; then, finding their loss in grass much greater than their saving in corn, they wished again for their blackbirds."

The gardeners in America are in the habit of destroying the mocking-bird, (*Muscicapa tyrannus*), and they thus unwittingly deprive themselves of the benefits it would concur upon them by protecting their crops and cattle from troublesome insects, and their poultry from predaceous birds. The celebrated Alexander Wilson thus humely expostulates with those who so cruelly requite the valuable services of this useful bird:—

Kill not thy friend, who thy whole harvest shields
And sweeps ten thousand vermin from thy fields;
Think how this dauntless bird, thy poultry's guard,
Drove every hawk and eagle from thy yard;
Watched round thy cattle as they fed, and slew
The hungry black'ning swarms that round them flew;
Some small return, some little right resign,
And spare his life, whose services are thine!

"It behoves every one," says Swainson, "to show humanity to animals, although we are authorized and justified in destroying such as are found, by experience, to injure our property. Under this head, however, we are committing so many mistakes that, ere long, some of the most elegant and interesting of our native animals will probably be extirpated. Country gentlemen give orders to their gamekeepers to destroy all *vermin* on their premises; and these men, equally ignorant with their masters, of what animals are really injurious, commence an indiscriminate attack upon all. The jay, the woodpecker, and the squirrel—three of the most elegant and innocent inhabitants of our woods—are doomed to the same destruction as the stoat, the polecat, and the hawk. Nothing in our native ornithology can be more beautiful than the plumage of the jay; while its very wildness and discordance is in harmony with the loneliness of the tangled woods it loves to frequent. The sudden and sharp cry of the green-woodpecker, (*Picus viridis*), is a similar character; and the sound of its bill 'tapping the hollow beech-tree,' is interesting and poetical. The squirrel, again, is the gayest and prettiest cunivener of our woodland scenery; and in its amazing leaps shows us an example—unrivalled among our native quadrupeds—of agility and gracefulness. Yet these peaceful

denizens of our woods are destroyed and exterminated from sheer ignorance of the most unquestionable facts in their history. The jay, indeed, is said to suck eggs; but this is never done except in a scarcity of insect food, which rarely, if ever, happens. The woodpecker lives entirely upon those insects which destroy trees, and is, therefore, one of the most efficient preservers of our plantations; while the squirrel feeds exclusively on fruits and nuts. To suppose that either of these is prejudicial to the eggs or the young of partridges and pheasants, would be just as unreasonable as to believe that nightjars, commonly called goatsuckers, milk goats and cows, or that hedgehogs devoured poultry. It is surely desirable that right notions should be had on such things, and that by an acquaintance with the most common facts of natural history, our few remaining native quadrupeds and birds should be preserved from wanton and useless destruction. If natural history can teach us nothing more than humanity towards such inoffensive creatures, a little attention to it would not be misplaced."

Many species of insects are execrated and destroyed, as being injurious to agricultural welfare, but which upon a little patient observation of their habits, would soon be found to be harmless. Natural history has taught most of the gardeners of the present day to refrain from killing those pretty little beetles, called lady birds, (*Coccinella*), which are so very useful in devouring the plant-lice, (*Aphides*), that infest and injure the hop and other plants.

Yet how many hundred species of insects are daily destroyed, as the supposed cause of all the injuries which crops sustain from the various sudden calamities included under the one vague, and therefore useless name of blight.

If it be admitted that it is important that the husbandman should be rightly informed of the natural history of his native country, how much more important must it be deemed that he should acquire some knowledge of the natural history of any foreign country to which he may have determined to emigrate. A knowledge of this kind acquired previous to his setting his foot on a land whose productions are new to him, may be the means of saving him from being poisoned by fruits or vegetables which he might otherwise be tempted to eat, in ignorance of their noxious qualities, attacked by peculiar diseases, assailed by ferocious and venomous animals, and from being exposed to the effects of raging storms. To emigrants, an elementary knowledge of natural history is, as Swainson justly remarks, "of much more consequence than to the English farmer, who frequently learns, from the experience of others, what is to be done in cases of emergency; or who

can, at least, apply for such information to scientific advisers. But the agricultural emigrant has not these resources; he has, for the most part, to learn every thing himself: he has to study soils, and try experiments as to the crops best adapted to them. These crops will frequently be attacked and destroyed by a host of new enemies of the insect world, the species of which he has never before seen, and against which, in consequence, he knows not how to proceed. He is, in fact, thrown upon his own resources; and if he has not a sufficient knowledge of natural history to enable him to reason upon the facts before him, or to direct him how to proceed, he suffers the full extent of evils which might otherwise have been mitigated or prevented.

We hear of the worn-out state of the West India plantations; that the soil will no longer repay the expenses of cultivation; and that the introduction of sugar, rum, &c., from other countries, has brought ruin upon these. I know not how far these statements may be correct; but admitting them to be so, it may be fairly inquired, what efforts have been made to remedy them? Why could not the aromatic spices of the East be equally well grown in the West Indies? and why has not the cultivation of the silk-worm been undertaken in the Antilles, instead of leaving this enormous trade in the hands of the Asiatics? Why, again, are not efficient and scientific trials made for rearing the tea-plant either in the West Indies or on the neighbouring continent? What obstacles exist against the cultivation of the vine and the olive,—plants which will flourish in every possible variety of soil,—in these ill-fated islands; and thus establishing in them new and important sources of commerce and of wealth. In deciding these and similar questions, natural history becomes of the first importance, since the only data upon which operations can be properly conducted, must be furnished by persons well versed in that science, and accustomed to inquire into, and reflect upon, those kinds of facts which none but a naturalist would ever think of.

New Books.

SELF-CULTURE.

(By William E. Channing.)

[DR. CHANNING, the author of the eloquent address presented to the public under the above title, while he shows himself fully sensible of the immense advantages derived by the existing generation from the "school-master" being "abroad," takes occasion to impress upon his audience at Boston,—composed chiefly of the working classes,—the even-superior importance of that vigilant personage being also found "at home." In other words, he clearly points out the futility

of mere external instruction, however obtained, apart from habits of reflection, a deep sense of the capabilities of the human intellect, and an ever-active endeavour to make the most of them. The subject is worthy of the brilliant powers of the author, and every page of the address sparkles with evidence that the author is worthy of the subject. We proceed at once to justify our praise by extracts.]

Extension of good through individual instances.

Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its *kind*. A man may spread his mind, his feelings, and opinions through a great extent; but if his mind be a low one, he manifests no greatness. A wretched artist may fill a city with daubs, and by a false showy style achieve a reputation; but the man of genius, who leaves behind him one grand picture, in which immortal beauty is embodied, and which is silently to spread a true taste in his art, exerts an incomparably higher influence. Now the noblest influence on earth is that exerted on character; and he who puts forth this, does a great work, no matter how narrow or obscure his sphere. The father and mother of an unnoticed family who, in their seclusion, awaken the mind of one child to the idea and love of perfect goodness, who awaken in him a strength of will to repel all temptation, and who send him out prepared to profit by the conflicts of life, surpass in influence a Napoleon breaking the world to his sway. And not only is their work higher in kind. Who knows, but that they are doing a greater work even as to extent or surface than the conqueror? Who knows, but that the being, whom they inspire with holy and disinterested principles, may communicate himself to others; and that by a spreading agency, of which they were the silent origin, improvements may spread through a nation, through the world?

Intellectual and moral culture.

The intellect being the great instrument by which men compass their wishes, it draws more attention than any of our other powers. When we speak to men of improving themselves, the first thought which occurs to them is, that they must cultivate their understanding, and get knowledge and skill. By education men mean almost exclusively intellectual training. For this schools and colleges are instituted; and to this the moral and religious discipline of the young is sacrificed. Now, I reverence as much as any man, the intellect; but let us never exalt it above the moral principle. With this it is most intimately connected. In this its culture is founded, and to exalt this is its highest aim. Whoever desires that his intellect may grow up to soundness, to

healthy vigour, must begin with moral discipline. Reading and study, are not enough to perfect the power of thought. One thing, above all, is needful; and that is, the disinterestedness which is the very soul of virtue. To gain truth, which is the great object of the understanding, I must seek it disinterestedly. Here is the first and grand condition of intellectual progress. I must choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears on myself. I must follow it no matter where it leads, what interests it opposes, to what persecution or loss it lays me open, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies. Without this fairness of mind, which is only another phrase for disinterested love of truth, great native powers of understanding are perverted and led astray; genius runs wild; "the light within us becomes darkness." The subtlest reasoners, for want of this, cheat themselves as well as others, and become entangled in the web of their own sophistry. It is a fact well-known in the history of science and philosophy, that men, gifted by nature with singular intelligence, have broached the grossest errors, and even sought to undermine the grand primitive truths on which human virtue, dignity, and hope, depend. And, on the other hand, I have known instances of men of naturally moderate powers of mind, who, by a disinterested love of truth and their fellow-creatures, have gradually risen to no small force and enlargement of thought. Some of the most useful teachers in the pulpit and in schools, have owed their power of enlightening others, not so much to any natural superiority, as to the simplicity, impartiality, and disinterestedness of their minds, to their readiness to live and die for the truth. A man who rises above himself, looks from an eminence on nature and Providence, on society and life. Thought expands, as by a natural elasticity, when the pressure of selfishness is removed. The moral and religious principles of the soul, generously cultivated, fertilize the intellect. Duty faithfully performed opens the mind to truth, both being of one family, alike immutable, universal, and everlasting.

I have enlarged on this subject, because the connexion between moral and intellectual culture is often overlooked, and because the former is often sacrificed to the latter. The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning; and thus men acquire the power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshipped; but if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god.

Books.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy

intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are within the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

At a small expense, a man can now possess himself of the most precious treasures of English literature. Books, once confined to a few by their costliness, are now accessible to the multitude; and in this way a change of habits is going on in society, highly favourable to the culture of the people. Instead of depending on casual rumour and loose conversation for most of their knowledge and objects of thought; instead of forming their judgments in crowds, and receiving their chief excitement from the voice of neighbours, men are now learning to study and reflect alone, to follow out subjects continuously, to determine for themselves what shall engage their minds, and to call to their aid the knowledge, original views, and reasonings of men of all countries and ages; and the results must be, a deliberateness and independence of judgment, and a thoroughness and extent of information, unknown in former times. The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation. Its peaceful agency is to supersede stormy revolutions. The culture, which it is to spread, whilst an unspeakable good to the individual, is also to become the stability of nations.

[From a pamphlet of 60 or 70 pages it would be hardly fair to quote more: enough has been given to show that a noble subject is treated in a noble manner; and as the lecture may be procured at various prices, none of them high, we are persuaded that few readers interested in the subject will be willing to be without it.]

Richelieu; or the Conspiracy. A Play; in five Acts: to which are added, Historical Odes of the last Days of Elizabeth; Cromwell's Dream; and the Death of Nelson. 8vo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

[In these our patronizing days of lions, tigers, monkeys, and panthers, whose exhibition tends to vitiate the public taste, and bring the British stage into contempt—how refreshing, to turn from scenes so repulsive to good taste, and feast on an elevating, rational, and moral legitimate drama like that of *Richelieu*! This historical play, so full of poetical beauties and fine touches of nature, with a consummate knowledge of the workings of the human mind, is the production of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.—It was produced on Thursday, the 7th inst., at Covent Garden Theatre, to the honour of Mr. Macready, whose strenuous and praiseworthy exertion to raise the National Drama to that high station its vital importance so pre-eminent demands, cannot be too highly appreciated.]

We have selected a few passages as specimens of the gifted author's nervous delineations.]

Love and Poetry.

Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves, with summer-wind.—The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses fush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps.—Hervoe
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
O her harmonious beauties—Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than larks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purpled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

Deeds of War.

Deeds! O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold
The deeds you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The Rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience
Cry,—Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!

Character of a Trickster.

You have outwitted your fortune;—
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste!—But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would cozen false monies
Out of that grumble, called *poor*.—To live
On *maus nôt* you—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steel—splendid in banquets;—all
Not *yours*—ungriven—unbested—unpaid for;—
This is to be a trickster; and to fitch
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—"Friend,

You're troublesome!"—Why this, forgive me,
Is what, when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call "*Theft*!"—You owe eight thousand
pistols.—
Minus one crown, two liards!

[The words of the following quotation are beautifully written; they are uttered by Richelieu, who has seated himself as to write, lifting a pen:]

True,—*mais!*
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand,
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!

[We now give a finely-drawn picture of Richelieu's love of fame, and his devotedness to France.]

I love my native land
Not as Venetian, English, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
"All things for France"—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan Sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The Map of France—my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We Priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The softer helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name of Father—We are yet
Not holier than Humanity, and must
Fulfil Humanity's condition—Love!
Debarred the Actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill Marble of the Ideal—Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my Country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

Richelieu's Soliloquy.

"In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their airy towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Is might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That sul-pervading atmosphere, whereto
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unweird'd silence of a student's cell:
Ye, whose untamed hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life

Gives battle to the elements, and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose
weight

Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeeling hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

[In the following extract we have Julie's
defence of her honour—it is a fine burst of
female purity, vigorously told; portraying
the irresistible power and resolution of a vir-
tuous woman.]

Richelieu.

Ha!—

You did obey the summons; and the king
Reproach'd your hasty nuptials.—

Julie.

Were that all!

He frown'd and chid;—proclaim'd the bond un-
lawful:

Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,
And there at night—alone—this night—all still—
He sought my presence—dared! thou read'st the
heart.

Read mine!—I cannot speak it!

Richelieu.

He a king,—

You—woman; well,—you yielded!

Julie.

Cardinal—

Dare you say “yielded?”—Humbly and abash'd,
He from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis!
Crept like a baffled felon!—yielded! Ah!
More royalty in woman's honest heart
Than dwells within the crown'd majesty
And accepted anger of a hundred kings!
Yielded!—Heavens!—yielded!

Richelieu.

To my breast,—close—close!

The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power!

[The following ejaculation, as uttered
by Richelieu, closes this truly classical
drama.]

No—let us own it:—there is *ONE* above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Ev'n better than prime ministers:—

Alas!

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dew the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue!—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away!

[The play has the rare merit of having
copious and elucidatory notes, which en-
hances the value of the work. The Odes
are finely conceived; probably we may refer,
in a future number, to the one of “Crom-
well's Dream.”]

Biography.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES ROSSI, R. A.

THIS distinguished artist was born in Not-
tingham; but his early years were mostly
passed at Mount Sorrel, in Leicestershire,
where his father was established as a medi-
cal man. Young Rossi was placed in the
atelier of Lucatelli, an Italian sculptor, in
London; and after the expiration of his ap-
prenticeship he was for some time in the
employment of Messrs. Coad and Seeley, then
in Lambeth. When here he got admitted a
student of the Royal Academy, and in a
short time obtained the gold medal for the
best specimen of a work in sculpture. Shortly
after this he was sent to Rome for three
years, at the expense of the Royal Academy.
He studied closely, and with judgment, so
that on his return so great improvement had
taken place in his taste and executive power,
that he was immediately employed on works
of high art, and in a few years he was elected
an associate, and in 1802, a member of the
Royal Academy. In a few years afterwards
he was appointed one of the sculptors to
King George IV., and was employed upon
some of the finest sculpture-work at Buck-
ingham Palace, particularly one of the pedi-
ments, and “the seasons” on the frieze under
the pediment, which pleased the King so
much that he directed Mr. Nash, the archi-
tect, to give him any part of the sculpture he
pleased, but he only selected as much as came
to £3,000. He was also appointed sculptor
in ordinary to his late Majesty William IV.
Besides these works there is a fine group of
Queen Eleanor sucking the poison out of
King Edward's wound, and a group of Celo-
don and Amelia, now at Lord Egremont's,
besides his Zephyrus and Aurora. There are
some fine monumental compositions, by Mr.
Rossi, in St. Paul's Church; the chief of
these is one erected to the memory of Gen.
Le Merchant. The execution of this work
had been awarded to Mr. Smith, but he died
before he had made any progress in the work,
and it was then given to Mr. Rossi, who
finished it, and on being paid sent a check
for £200 to the widow of Mr. Smith. His
other monumental works here, are those to
Captains Moss and Riou—to Marquis Corn-
wallis, Captain Faulkner, and that to General
Elliot (Lord Heathfield), all of which are
not equal in point of design and execution,
but some of the single figures and groups are
designed in a grand and tasteful style, par-
ticularly the Cornwallis testimonial, and that
of Gen. Le Merchant. The Surgeons' Hall,
and other public buildings, have also been
decorated with his sculptured works, and all
the figures, capitals of columns, and other
ornamental stone-work, were all directed by
this artist.—*Morning Herald.*

Mr. Rousi was twice married, and had a large family. He died on Thursday, February 21, 1839, at his residence in Lisson Green, aged 77.

C. Rossi

BALLOONS IN 1648.

LETTER written from Warsaw, by a gentleman of that city, concerning a proposition made unto the king of Poland, about the rare invention of

FLYING IN THE AIR.*

NOBLE SIR,—Did I not know full how earnest you are after finding out of rare inventions, and other curious things worthy of a noble and heroic spirit, I should not be so ready to impart to you any thing that cometh to my knowledge worthy of your observation, and also knowing your many and great employments, yet do now make bold to represent unto you, the strangest and never heard of before invention of flying in the air, which I doubt not, will, for its curiosity, and fineness of conceit, be a matter of delight and pleasure unto those who are learned, especially who have studied the mathematics; and although this subject may be a matter of laughter, and be despised amongst them, being a rule among the vulgar, as not to believe any thing whatsoever, any further than they can apprehend the same, never considering what likelihood or probability there is for the effecting thereof. The thing is thus:—

There is at present in this court, a certain man come from Arabia, who is come hither to the King of Poland, to whom he proffereth his head for security of that which he propoundeth, which is, that he hath brought from that country the invention of a machine, being airy, and of a construction so light, nevertheless so sound and firm, that the same is able to bear two men, and hold them up in the air, and one of them shall be able to sleep, while the other maketh the machine to move, which thing is much after the same manner as you see represented in the old tapestry hangings, the dragons flying, whereof this same takes its name: I do give you them for pattern, or model of this invention, being a thing much in question, and to be doubted concerning these flying dragons, whether any be alive; likewise, it is questioned by many of the truth of there being any unicorns, griffins, phoenix, and many other like things, which by many wise understanding men, are deemed to have little or no reality in them, but all imaginary; nevertheless, we believe this upon the credit of

antiquity, and the report of many who know more. There are few in this court but have got a pattern of this machiner, and do hope to send you one likewise, in case this project takes some good effect, and proves to be as true, as rare in its invention. The forms of it which he hath made, and afterwards presented, with the many reasons he gives to maintain his proposition, seems to be so strong, and so likely to be true, that great hopes are conceived thereof; and although he undertakes the celerity or swiftness of this airy post shall be far beyond that of our ordinary posts, seeing he promises to go with the same in twenty-four hours, forty leagues of this his country, which will make of English miles, near two hundred and forty, a thing which seemeth so strange to many, that therefore they fall off from him, and so give little credit to it, although he hath brought with him good certificates how it hath been approved by many in other places, where he hath made experiment thereof, to his great honour and credit, and the admiration and amazement of the beholders; besides, it may well be thought, that a man of honour as he seems to be, would not set so little by his life, as to lay it at stake about a business of that nature, except he had some good ground first, and had some experimental knowledge of the same, seeing he must hazard his life, two several ways, the one in case he did not make trial of what he had promised, and to be proved to have come hither as an impostor, to have cheated this court, who upon discoveries of like businesses, will not make it a just, or a thing of small moment; and the other time of danger is, when he begins to take his flight, which he is to do, above the highest towers or steeples that are, and without his dexterity and certain knowledge therein, would run into an utter ruin and destruction.

Whether it be true or no, there are commissioners appointed, who are to examine the business, and so according as they find it, to make their report, and he is appointed to make an essay, and show a piece of his skill in their presence, before he is to be suffered to act it publicly, that if in case his business doth not prove according to expectation, they who have given credit to it, and him, may not be exposed to open shame and derision, even as it happened once in the city of Paris, where a stranger having gathered near the Louvre many thousands of spectators, in whose sight, as a man void of sense and reason, having taken his flight from the top of the highest tower thereabouts, which is between the Louvre and the Seine, this miserable wretch fell to the ground, broke his neck, and his body torn in pieces.

Whilst every one is expecting the issue of this, there are many great wagers laid about it, yet take this by the way, there hath been

* The Moderate, a weekly newspaper; December 18—19, 1648; King's Pamphlets, vol. 401, in Museo.

several great consultations made with the mathematicians, who have all declared, the putting it into operation is very difficult, but for the thing itself, do not count it impossible, and to this purpose, there was a true information brought of a prisoner, who having tied very fast about his collar, and under his arms, a long cloak, whereunto was made fast a hoop, to keep the spread out and round, casting himself from the top of a high tower, he thought to have fallen into a small river which ran at the foot thereof, but it happened otherwise, for he was carried on the further side of the water, safe and sound; the cloak which stood instead of a sail, did bear up the weight of his body, and so parted the air by degrees, that he had time to descend easily to the ground, without receiving any hurt by the fall.

Not to bring here the fabulous history of Dedalus, Archites Tarentin, the most famous artist of his time, made a wooden pigeon, which fled very high into the air; as also, at Nuremberg, at the great and magnificent reception made by that city unto Maximilian the emperor, an artificial eagle, although both of them were much heavier, and yet not so big as a child's bauble, these two things were raised into the air, being held only with a packthread; but another engineer had not so good success: for having raised himself into the air, by means of an engine, much like to this we speak of, the wires broke before he had raised himself so high as he intended, whereby he fell to the ground sooner than he was willing, and by the fall broke his thigh, and was in great danger of his life; yet by this, thus much may be gathered—the thing may possibly be done: moreover, experience daily shews us, nothing is impossible to man, but that through labour and industry, the most difficult things may at length be obtained; only in this point concerning the possibility, or impossibility of things, wise men do seem to be most slow in giving their opinion about it; there are also examples of birds, and those that swim, whereby we may judge by their swiftness, that the air may do the same operation upon other subjects, according as the artist can accommodate itself to it.

tens, and a lively one cheers me. Martial music renders me brave, and voluptuous music disposes me to be luxurious, even effeminate. Now, were I skilled in the science, I should become fastidious; and instead of yielding to the fascinations of sweet sounds, I should be analysing, or criticising, or connoisseurship-ising (to use a word of my own making), instead of simply enjoying them as at present. In the same way, I never would study botany. I don't want to know why certain flowers please me; enough for me that they do, and I leave it to those who have no better occupation, the analysis of the sources of their pleasure, which I can enjoy without the useless trouble.' Byron (adds Lady Blessington) has little taste for the fine arts; and when they are the subject of conversation, betrays an ignorance very surprising in a man who has travelled so much. He says, that he *feels* art, while others prate about it; but his neglect of the beautiful specimens of it here, goes far to prove the contrary.

"Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron, during his residence here, speaks of the noble poet with enthusiasm, and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing, with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as '*magnifique*,' and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*ferté* was the word he used).—'He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati,' continued Maurice, 'without being sure that he would send for me; and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather.—Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water.—Poor Mr. Shelley,' resumed Maurice, 'ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of man: so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we see, and not by what we hear.' This was, in language somewhat different, the

Anecdote Gallery.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF BYRON AND SHELLEY.

(By the Countess of Blessington,*)

'I LIKE music,' said Lord Byron, 'but do not know the least of it, as a science; indeed, I am glad that I do not, for a perfect knowledge might rob it of half its charms. At present I only know, that a plaintive air soft-

* Extracted from her ladyship's highly interesting work, the *Idler in Italy*; published by Colburn.

sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelley, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the second.

"He [Byron] has a passion for flowers, and purchases bouquets from the venders on the road, who have tables piled with them. He bestows charity on every mendicant who asks it; and his manner in giving is gentle and kind. The people seem all to know his face, and to like him; and many recount their affairs, as if they were sure of his sympathy. Though now but in his thirty-sixth year, Byron talks of himself as if he were at least fifty, nay, likes to be considered old. It surprises me to witness the tenacity with which his memory retains every trivial occurrence connected with his sojourn in England, and his London life. Persons and circumstances, that I should have supposed could never have made any impression on his mind, are remembered as freshly as if recently seen."

THE GREAT WESTERN STEAM SHIP.

At a recent meeting of the proprietors of the above steam ship, it appeared by the report, that the vessel, after having run 35,000 nautical miles, and encountered thirty-six days of heavy gales, her seams required no caulking. The average of her passages out was fifteen days and a half, and home thirteen days; the shortest passage out was fourteen days and a half, and the shortest time home twelve and a quarter. About 1,000 passengers had gone in the ship. £1,000 per annum would be saved to the proprietors, by the American congress having liberally given up the duty of 2d. per bushel on coals. After deducting for expenses, and setting apart 2,000*l.* for a reserve-fund, there remained a sufficiency for a dividend of 5 per cent., making, with the 4 per cent. already received, 9 per cent. for the year. Their next vessel is to be constructed of iron.

The Gatherer.

The Nelson Memorial.—At a meeting of the general committee of management on Saturday last, it was agreed, that the artists be permitted to remove their respective models, after the 31st day of March, and to have the liberty of again sending them in, or of producing fresh ones on or before the last Saturday in May—the committee remarking, "that although the models and drawings possess considerable merit, yet they might be much improved on reconsideration."

The British Museum.—By the annual account laid before parliament, it appears that the income of the British Museum dur-

ing the past year, (including parliamentary grants,) amounted to 33,447*l.* 12*s.*, and the expenditure to 30,808*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* The estimated expenditure for the present year is 32,390*l.* It appears from this return that the number of visitors who have been admitted to visit the British Museum during the year 1838, as compared with the three previous years, has considerably diminished. In 1837 the number of visitors admitted to view the general collections in the Museum, amounted to 321,151; in 1838 to 266,008. The number of visits to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study and research was 69,936 in 1837, and only 54,843 in 1838. The number of visits by students and artists to the galleries of sculpture for the purpose of study, was 5,570 in 1837, and 5,015 in 1838. The reading-room closed for a short period last September, which may partly account for the falling off in the number of visitors.

CHART OF HEALTH.—Love.—A complaint of the heart growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of fifteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty. *Symptoms.*—Absence of mind: giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a fondness of poetry and music; gazing on the moon and stars; loss of appetite; neglect of business; loathing for all things—save one; blood-shot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh. *Effect.*—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imaginations bright—bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered peas; and then again, oceans of despair, racks, torments, and pistols. *Cure.*—Get married.

Friendship.—When the late King of Denmark was in England, he very frequently honoured Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than this day, that you never met, but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

Genius.—"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but labour and diligence."

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